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*Songs from the  
Capital*

*Clara Ophelia Bland*



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# *Songs from the Capital*

by

(Harris)

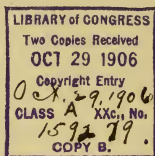
*Clara Ophelia Bland*



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*To My Mother*



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SONGS FROM THE CAPITAL

1



## OUT OF THE OLD YEAR INTO THE NEW

Oh soul! which in the year that's newly past,  
Thy life note sung with scarcely parted lips,  
As low and mournful as the rain that drips  
In Autumn, thy method now recast;  
Accompanied by the music of the bells  
Which tells us of a new and precious birth  
Whose influence sweet encircles all the earth,  
And while each cadence lingers on and swells,  
Inhale the balmy breath of this new year,  
And open wide the portals now of song;  
Unloose the bands of caution tied by fear,  
Which checked thy fullest singing far too long,  
'Till mortals on life's highway, drawing near,  
Ask, "do such notes issue from a world of wrong?"

## ALABAMA

Oh play of Alabama!  
So sweet, so soft, so slow,  
Your music and your witchery  
Haunt me where e'er I go.

Oh! eloquence of silence!  
As the old man walks alone,  
Through the ancestral garden,  
Stifling his life's long moan.

Oh beauty of affection!  
As Cary wandering near,  
Sees the tottering footsteps,  
And lingers on in fear.

He falters; in a moment,  
Swift to his side she glides,  
While in the ancestral garden,  
The peace of God abides.

Oh pride of age and weakness!  
He repulses offered aid;  
Though every hope had left him,  
That will never fade.

And then this gentle helper,  
This second Little Nell,  
Made her offer once again,  
And all went well.



And does it not remind one,  
As down the path they walk,  
Of the honeysuckles' fragrance  
Twined round a decaying stalk ?

Oh the moonlight! and the magic  
Of that "Cary" soft and low,  
Spoken by the father  
Whom the daughter did not know.

Oh Cary! fast enfolded  
In a trinity of love,  
Likened in kind, if not in strength,  
To the Trinity above !

But it was not sufficient,  
And when the stranger came  
From out the far North country,  
The heart was not the same.

It was the old, old story,  
And this trinity of love  
With which she was enfolded  
Could not hold the gentle dove.

Just as the skylark built its nest  
Within the cannon grim,  
So this gentle dove flew forth  
And nestled up to him.

Oh nature! kind old mother,  
With her trailing grace,  
Covers o'er the cannon,  
Leaving scarce a trace.

So nature, dearest mother,  
With her winsome grace,  
Draws two hearts together,  
Brings them face to face.

Old memories are covered  
With the blossoming of love,  
And wedded hearts are blessed  
By the Trinity above.

## SLANTING SHADOWS

I do not know the world,  
Save when the slanting shadows fall,  
For when the world is brightest,  
And life is at its lightest,  
We are strangers, that is all.

I have no sweet permission  
To go strolling in the sun,  
For until all work is done,  
There is no intermission.

From the world clothed in its brightness,  
I strangely feel remote,  
Yet this does not denote  
A spirit void of lightness.

For when the slanting shadows fall,  
I know it in its sweetness,  
And in its dim completeness,  
And, I love this fading world, that is all.

## MEASURING THE SUNSHINE

When days are drear, and out of life  
Seems oozing drops of blood,  
And from sore and red-rimmed eyelids,  
The tears pour out a flood,  
When the strings of the heart are trailing  
Like a broken, bruised vine,  
What will draw them to their place,  
And cause them to entwine?  
Whispers a stirred Aeolian harp,  
"Measuring the sunshine."

When the brain is tired, and through its meshes  
Have leaked the ashes of Hope,  
Which falling through have choked the heart,  
With its burdens striving to cope,  
When the beats are laboring fiercely  
To throw the forcing substance out,  
Until in the black, black chaos,  
Themselves and the world they doubt,  
Then thrust out a cornu-copia  
Into the ocean of sunshine, waiting there with-  
out.

When clouds hang heavy, and in the murky atmosphere,

Our forms are thickly pressed,  
And their touch is damp, and our spirit  
Is longing, crying for rest,  
Oh! lift up bravely a strong right hand,  
Plunge it up, and through and through,  
Then you'll find they were not so hard nor thick,  
And that you've found the blue,  
While the fingers now are gloriously tinged  
With the sunshine, warm and true.

When lips are trembling and so white and drawn,

They scarce can frame the words  
To tell of sorrows that are here and there,  
As numberless as the birds,  
Yet let them speak of happy things,  
Of flowers and love divine,  
And the lips grow full and soft and sweet,  
Losing their piteous line;  
Oh ! there's nothing in God's world so worth the  
while  
As—measuring the sunshine.

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Chrysanthemums in profusion,  
Chrysanthemums most rare,  
Chrysanthemums reared and tended  
By a mother's loving care!

"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"  
When flowers just as fragrant  
Are with us all the while.

We rhapsodize the lily,  
And write an ode to the rose,  
As its perfume to us is wafted  
By every wind that blows.

But these cheery autumn flowers  
Of every shade and hue,  
With their clean and spicy odor,  
Deserve a sonnet too.

Oh sweet and lovely violet!  
You come to us in the spring,  
And right royally are welcomed  
By poet, priest, and king.

Oh June! of months the rarest,  
And the roses' synonym,  
No praise of other flower  
Can e'er thy brightness dim.

Oh lily! purest symbol  
Of the resurrection's dawn,  
Round each flower is a halo,  
By the hand of angels drawn.

No earthly crown is needed,  
To attest thy merit dear;  
In the kingdom of the flowers  
The lily has no peer.

In the kingdom of the flowers,  
By chivalry the rose is queen,  
And the violet nestles closest  
To every heart I ween.

Just as something very tender,  
Needs must find a shelter there  
'Gainst the winds of earth, whose roughness  
Tender things can never bear.

But the roughest winds of autumn  
Chrysanthemums can not efface,  
For this lovely flower's texture  
Is not that of cobweb lace.

In its character, nothing morbid,  
Ever cheery, bright, and true,  
Whether pink, or white, or garnet,  
Whatever be the shade or hue.

Just as if, oppressed with sadness,  
Shut in with our care and gloom,  
A friend's most cheerful entrance  
Should bring refreshment to the room;

So it is this flower's fragrance  
Speaks to us of life and health,  
Opens wide the door, and takes us  
More by storm than stealth.

Speaks to us of autumn evenings  
And its cold breath on our cheek,  
But of firesides warm and cosy,  
It will also speak.

In the kingdom of the flowers,  
Chrysanthemum is friend,  
As choice, as bright, as cheering,  
As any gift He sends.



## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

Tell me, Old Man of the Mountain,  
What is the outlook, say?  
Are you left in charge of the mountains  
'Till the dawn of the judgment day?  
Does your watch make them calm and steadfast,  
Do the everlasting hills  
Absorb from you that sweet peace  
Which their presence ever distills ?

Tell me, Old Man of the Mountain,  
Can you see beyond the blue walls  
That bind with their mystic circle  
To where the world in its progress calls  
For expansion across Southern waters,  
And a sailing into the west?  
Will we do for the Philippine islands  
What is merciful, wise, and best?

Tell me, Old Man of the Mountain,  
Are you prophet, priest or king?  
Did you see the Eastern Magi  
Their gifts to the Saviour bring?

Did you mark the flight into Egypt,  
The pillar of cloud and the flame?  
Enlisted in the service  
Of the child so free from blame?

Tell me, Old Man of the Mountain,  
Of the prophets of the past,  
When Isaiah predicted of Babylon  
That its glories could not last,  
When Hosea, the white robed prophet  
With patient, far seeing eyes,  
Exhorted the kingdom of Israel  
To turn to the Lord and be wise.

Old Man of the Mountain, tell me,  
Have you gazed since creation's dawn?  
And will you still be steadfast  
On that wonderful Judgment morn?  
When by angels and clouds attended,  
The Lord shall come from afar,  
Oh! will He not reward you  
For your watch o'er the Sorrowful Star?

## CHRIST IS RISEN

Christ is Risen!

In our hearts, may faith and all good will

Be risen like an incense, His teachings to fulfil

On this Easter glorious, and when its sun has set,

And as the year rolls onward, do not the words  
forget,

Christ is Risen!

## THE BIRDS

Oh the birds up in the Senate,  
How they sing !  
How they climb among the columns  
As their voices ring,  
Making but a playhouse  
Of so august a thing;  
How majestic are the columns,  
How unconscious are the birds  
That their grace Corinthian  
Far surpasses words.  
How unmindful of the Father of his country  
As he stands,  
Far above them, as if blessing  
These fair lands.  
How they twitter, how they flutter,  
How they speak  
In a language of their own.  
How they seek  
To begin their morning early;  
Chatter to the passer by  
With such mirth and blitheness  
That you cry  
To your soul of souls,  
Oh why  
Was not I a wingéd creature!  
And you sigh!  
A weary toiler, past the Senate,  
Simply going by.

When the sun is sinking  
In the west,  
Back you come, thinking only  
Of the rest;  
Oh the birds up in the column,  
Of the Senate wing,  
How they chirp, and fly and chatter  
As they sing!  
Just as merry, blithe, and bonny  
As at break of day,  
Thought the weary toiler  
On the homeward way;  
Sees the sun is sinking  
In the west,  
Knows all toil is over,  
Now comes rest;  
Breathes the flowers' fragrance,  
Feels within his breast  
A thankfulness arise to his Creator  
Who made him man,  
Instead of wingéd bird  
In His great plan;  
Content to labor on and suffer,  
It is best;  
And the only way to understand  
The miracle of rest.

WRITTEN FOR CAPTAIN GRANT ON HIS .  
61st BIRTHDAY .

The ladies were guessing  
Oh ! what is his age,  
This most occult problem  
Is now all the rage.

One asked the carnation,  
Ofttimes called the pink,  
“Now what is his age,  
Pray, what do you think ?”

In chorus they answered,  
“By yonder bright sun,  
We swear that we think him  
But just twenty-one.”

## MANILA SOUVENIRS

They came from far Manila,  
They came from over the sea  
They came from a dearly loved one  
To bring a message to me.

They were thin and filmy fragments,  
One traced in cerulean blue  
Was like the sky when the storm has past,  
And the sun has broken through.

One was just as dainty,  
And matched the conch shell's hue,  
As it lies on the shore when the storm has past,  
And the sun has broken through.

The third was quite as lovely,  
With the tint of the golden rod,  
As in early fall it rears its head  
Above the mellow sod.

And it was as yellow  
As a wedding ring so true,  
After the storms of courtship,  
And the sun has broken through.

They were dainty, fragile nothings,  
For ornament were meant,  
For nothing else, except to bear  
The message that he sent.

And these transparent trifles,  
To preserve them from the knocks  
In the mail from far Manila,  
Were sent in a tooth powder box.

Here was a joining of forces,  
The box bore Dr. Lyon's name,  
While the merchandise was painted  
In the land from whence it came.



## A LEGEND

Often in childhood we've been told,  
At the foot of the rainbow is a bag of gold,  
But another legend has come to light  
About this arch so high and bright.  
Out in the West the Indians brave  
Say that our vast o'er arching concave  
Is merely the cover to a dish,  
While the rainbow's but a serpent or fish,  
The scales of which in scraping the sky,  
Send the pattering raindrops from on high,  
But when winter rules the land you know,  
This attrition sends us the beautiful snow.  
This mystic cover to our globe,  
All enwrapped in aerial robe,  
Rests on the shoulders of a bird,  
So runs the legend I have heard.  
It lifts its wings and through the space,  
Although its flight they can not trace,  
The spirit escapes by zephyrs fanned,  
Up to its home in the Spirit land;  
And when the crane folds up its wings,  
The dire commotion that it brings  
Is the earth-quake with its awful thrill,  
Bidding the bravest heart stand still.  
Oh Indians! with the legends sweet!  
As into the past your glories retreat,  
I breathe a prayer for you who roam  
As strangers in your once wild home.

## TO ANNE

What made it sadder when she died? it was this;  
That I was far away who loved her,  
I could neither touch nor see her,  
Nor even give, one last, fond kiss.

Of all the pain I suffer, what need to tell,  
And all the strife;  
Out of which I only say,  
I loved her, oh! so well.

Each summer came, and found her grown more  
tall,  
And still I called her "my little sister,"  
Strangers might smile, might even query why?  
'Twas only that I loved her, that was all.

My wish was always this, to make her "pretty  
things,"  
For when a girl is young and fair,—  
Ah! well! with brown-eyed wonder, now, per-  
haps,  
She strokes her newly given fluttering wings.

Almost the youngest one of all the rest,  
She leads the way; Oh Father, let me follow next!  
If thou should'st ask me why, I'd say,  
"I loved her most, and best."

I knew it first, I do not mean to boast,  
But 'twas whispered by some angel, as I slept,  
In that I was far away,  
And loved, and prayed the most.

How much wiser now is she than I,  
For all my study of deep philosophy,  
Of spiritual and therefore subtle laws,  
Eluding search, however much I try.

I think Christ must have loved us, for he stood  
the test ;  
Himself was subdivided,  
While One Mighty Part, compels the Other Part  
To ensure for us that "Entered into rest."

His was the part of suffering all the way ;  
Until that crucifixion of Godhead,  
Climax of all pain,  
Although of that He does not speak nor say.

I think it up and down, and in and out,  
And still the mystery is just the same,  
And still the wonder grows that she was not  
afraid,  
And she so young to take that darkest route..

Have pity, Oh my Father, and my Lord,  
The world goes on, but life is not the same,  
Nor can be now, for in my heart,  
She struck almost its tenderest chord.

I was painting, just for her, a castle, now I do not  
care,  
Its name was Warwick, its inmate, Amy Robsart,  
All this was I saving, some sweet day to tell her,  
Now the painting and the telling, is a castle in the  
air.

What makes it saddest, was about that kiss,  
I've been wading, knee-deep in trouble,  
But I was not sad 'till now; I never even dreamed  
That life could be so sad as this.

Out of all the gloom there comes this good,  
Heaven, before so vague, why now is just as plain,  
As though it were a room to hold that little sister,  
And yet—not quite, but still, in part, 'tis understood.

Oh! to have had one look, at that sweet, en-  
coffined face,  
Envy now, of those who did,  
A thing for years barred out,  
Within my heart, is struggling for a place.

Those clods of earth upon her breast! my lips  
grow white!  
None ever guessed, save a discerning few,  
My love's deep flow,  
For I kept my heart so tight.

'Tis bow, 'tis bend, 'tis submission and surrender  
Of everything we love; here's one who would not  
yield,  
But that he proved on Calvary  
He too could suffer, and be tender.

It is as in contesting wills, the woman yields,  
A simile intensified;  
His reason must be this I've thought;  
In spring He plants His lilies in the fields.

I hold in my clasp my prayer book, as an anchor,  
and in lieu  
Of an understanding, tender hand,  
While to me it seems, that from my pressure,  
The book would come in two.

Now that was sweet, I think, for every brother,  
each and all,  
Lending their help, in death, (as well as life),  
In boyhood's strength, and manhood's might,  
To lift and bear the pall.

Let me speak once more, once more, about that  
kiss;  
My life was always sad,  
But is n't it sadder when you never even dreamed  
That life could be so sad as this?

## WRITTEN UPON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

The winter snows are drifting,  
Yet a flower blooms on earth,  
Exhaling rarest fragrance,  
Atoning for all dearth.

The violet is all sweetness,  
The roses are the same,  
This flower far outranks them;  
Katrina is the name.

## THE BONNETS

The horses are donning bonnets  
In nineteen hundred and one,  
And though a peculiar custom  
It protects them from the sun.

Some of them look coquettish,  
And some of them look sedate,  
And all of them seem to wonder  
Why the bonnets came so late.

Think of the weary summers  
Since the world begun,  
That this useful animal  
Went journeying in the sun.

Think of the patient animal  
With head bared to the sun,  
All through the many ages  
Since the race begun.

Think of the noble creature  
Crowned with a piece of sponge,  
Apt to be displaced  
By the merest lunge.

Think of the slight protection  
Of a piece of green,  
With which country horses  
Many times are seen.

But only think of the progress  
The twentieth century makes  
When the horse is put in a bonnet  
And kindly to it takes.

For some of them look coquettish  
And some of them look sedate,  
And all of them seem to wonder  
Why the bonnets came so late.

#### THE CHICKENS' SUPPER

Three little chickens dipped into the plate  
But one little chick had none,  
For this dear little one trotted up  
When the others were almost done.



## AN ODE TO THE ONION.

The onion cures insomnia,  
The onion's good for food;  
In short, I sing of onion,  
With every grace endued.

If onion cures insomnia,  
It also cures the bite  
Of cat, or dog, or reptile,  
When applied just right.

If bitten by a reptile,  
As soon as this is seen,  
Why, just apply an onion,  
And watch it turn to green.

But pray, do not discard it;  
Now see the yellow cast!  
These changes are an index  
Your illness will not last.

If patient, wise, and tender,  
And courage do not lack,  
You'll see the consummation,  
The onion turned to black.

Now of the humble onion,  
A writer one day told  
That in any city market  
For a penny it sold,

But if it cost one dollar,  
Its praises would be told  
By poets. I sing to prove,  
I do not worship gold.

## WRITTEN FOR A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

A quiet life in a shaded room,  
The sunshine of youth all faded,  
And nature's sunshine rarely seen  
Which oft this hills hath braided  
Yet still into this shaded room  
Will glorious sunshine pour,  
When children's voices end the night  
In entering at the door.

## TO MY SISTER

That you are young, and fair, and happy,  
Any one can see;  
May you always and forever  
Very happy be.

While the music plays, we dance  
With the utmost glee,  
I in black and you in red,  
As happy as can be.

With my arm around your waist,  
Up and down the hall,  
As the music plays, I fancy  
We are at a ball.

We are together, so we are happy,  
As happy as can be,  
May we always cling together,  
Sailing o'er life's sea.

As the birthdays come to meet you,  
Happy may you be,  
While you grow in grace and goodness,  
As well as fair to see.

## WHOSE LIPS THE MUSES KISS

On stepping stones in the river of time,  
Scholars mount to the ages past,  
And view their crumbling monuments,  
Teaching lessons that will last;  
The records of these valiant lives  
The world would sorely miss,  
But are these words more forceful  
Than those the Muses kiss?

The statesman guides the ship of state  
With wisdom's patient care,  
And well he knows the rocks and reefs  
Of which he must beware.  
In Senate hall his words ring out  
With eloquence, but this  
Is not the melody which breathes  
From lips the Muses kiss.

To music's charm we all must bow,  
For Orpheus ever lives  
To stir us with the witchery  
His mystic lyre gives.  
The music of the spheres rolls on,  
Its grandeur we should miss,  
But dearer to the heart his song  
Whose lips the Muses kiss.

A maiden looks upon the world  
With wistful, wondering eyes,  
What will be her destiny,  
As time onward, swiftly flies?  
To wear the crown of wedded love,  
To woman this is bliss,  
But she too is sacred  
Whose lips the Muses kiss.

## THE PALM

---

*Written after seeing Duveneek's Study of his Wife, in the  
Boston Museum of Art.*

A woman carved in marble,  
Across her breast the palm,  
No trace of dust of conflict,  
But a look of heavenly calm.

I envied not the artist  
For the touch of genius shown,  
In the graceful, yielding figure  
Evoked from lifeless stone.

It was an object lesson:  
I read, her race is run,  
And without the dust of conflict  
The palm could not be won.

I murmured, here is genius,  
This its consummation rare,  
Yet I envied not the artist,  
But the woman sleeping there.

## DON'T WORRY, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY

Don't worry, there's always a way,  
But it's oft-times hard to find,  
And we grope on blindly, day by day,  
And the skein will not unwind.

We look to the left, but the rocks lie thick,  
To the right we turn, and are caught in thorns,  
Then it is that the heart grows sick  
As the cloud of misfortune dawns.

Down the hill we look for a path to tread,  
The grass is soft, and the way quite clear,  
But at the bottom lies a watery bed  
Whose deep, dark depths fill the soul with fear.

Faint heart, don't worry, there's always a way,  
Look up! there's a path up the mountain side,  
The light is breaking! Greet the dawn of day!  
Climb up, tremble, trust; in your Lord confide.



## BEAUCAIRE.

Oh Beaucaire! in your wig of brown,  
Here's my opinion, most profound,  
That in your coat of black brocade,  
The very best fit that was ever made,  
You are worthy of love, and I do declare,  
In spite of Lady Mary, I love you, too, Beaucaire.

Oh Beaucaire! in your coat of white,  
And with your golden hair so light,  
As out into the world you go,  
And in the minuet bow so low,  
I am not sure, but I suppose  
If I were Lady Mary, I too, would give the rose.

Oh Beaucaire! in your royalty drest,  
When lightest wish is a behest,  
When on your breast the orders flash,  
It may be that my soul is rash,  
But as you scorn this paltry pelf,  
I too, like Lady Mary, would simply give myself.

## ROSE LEAVES

June is the month for roses,  
But the prelude sweet  
Is May, enticing the babies  
Forth from their retreat.

Homeward from work returning,  
Care is charmed away  
By the sight of human rose leaves,  
Drifting about in May.

Blue is the sky above me,  
Tempting thought to soar,  
But the touch of these human rose leaves,  
Soothes my spirit more.

## TO MR. POOL

To show that we will miss you,  
We've invoked the flowers' aid,  
And for such gentle missions,  
Fragrant flowers were made.

## EASTER LOGIC

I must write an Easter poem,  
While the festival is here,  
While the presence of the season,  
Makes its meaning clear.

Shall it be a score of verses,  
All in dainty rhyme,  
Or shall its meaning be embodied,  
In one thought sublime?

If I wrote a score of verses,  
To make my meaning plain,  
Every other line would end,  
With the same refrain.

All through life's toil and trouble,  
We walk by faith, not sight,  
But Easter morning shows us  
Truth in another light.

On this dearest of all mornings,  
To Mary Christ appeared,  
Then broke away like morning mist,  
All that we had feared.

All doubt is passed and over,  
For by Mary Christ was seen,  
And through life's toil and trouble,  
On this sweet truth we lean.

## CUPID'S DUTIES

Alexandra, lady, queen,  
Daughter of sea-kings grand,  
Proud are you and proudly mated  
To the highest in your land.

Oh! gentle dames colonial,  
Of sixteenth century grace,  
The pride of ancestry is stamped  
On each patrician face.

And National daughters, D. A. R.,  
Patriotic and full of fire,  
Proudly wear ancestral bars  
That speak of some grandsire.

But a prouder ancestry still is traced  
By a little elusive god,  
From whose wiles no one is safe  
Until he is under the sod.

From Venus, most beautiful Goddess,  
And Mercury, also divine,  
Came Cupid, the proud little sovereign,  
Who brings the whole world into line.

And Mercury, of messages bearer,  
An orator, herald, and God,  
Is son to Omnipotent Jupiter,  
Who rules the world with a nod.

And so it is seen that blind Cupid,  
Though holding a prominent place  
In the time that is past and the present,  
Has a right to prestige and grace.

The painter seeks with genius  
To transfer to his canvas bare,  
Some of the charm and beauty  
Which is Cupid's, piquant and rare.

And Cupid counts it a duty,  
To lend himself to the plan,  
Then he's off and away with his arrows,  
To reap any harvest he can.

But the sculptor too detains him,  
And modeling on with his clay,  
Is lost in a dream of rapture,  
Then Cupid is off and away.

Perhaps he has gladly consented  
To drive in a chariot drawn  
By swans, gentle doves, or sparrows,  
O'er clouds as smooth as a lawn,

With Venus his beautiful mother,  
Decked in roses and myrtle green,  
And Cupid nestles the closer  
To a love that is felt, not seen.

Then off and away with his arrows,  
To the forest of human hearts,  
And a wonderful thing 'tis, tho' blinded,  
So true is the aim of his darts.

Then off with his butterflies playing,  
The toys of this dainty God,  
Emblems too of the soul, which ne'er lingers  
With its garments outworn, in the sod.

But well for the world he's industrious,  
Loves better to shoot than to play;  
The world is supplied with an axis,  
Cupid speeds it on its way.

But of all the varied duties  
Accomplished by Cupid with art,  
There is none that is sweeter, nor dearer,  
Nor draws him so close to the heart,

Than when at a golden wedding,  
Two hands are clasped without fears;  
A curtain is drawn, and lo! Cupid,  
Holding together the years.

## THE SILVER CUP

I sat before the white robed priest,  
    Within the church,  
And all his words to me seemed trite,  
To find some hidden word of light,  
    The while I search.

At last my wandering thoughts were fixed,  
    And looking up,  
From priestly lips were falling words,  
As beautiful as the song of birds,  
    About a cup.

Within a learned chemist's shop,  
    A careless youth,  
Let fall a cup in silver wrought,  
And in strong acid it was caught,  
    Dissolved in truth.

The chemist mild was undismayed,  
    And calmly brought  
Another acid, mixed the two,  
When lo! there slowly came to view,  
    The silver sought.

And if the chemist, naught but man,  
    Could reunite  
Dissolvéd fragments, surely God  
Can call our dust from 'neath the sod,  
    By His great might.

## A SNOW FRAGMENT

Here and there,  
Through the air,  
    Fly I like the birds,  
Gathering straw,  
Crude and raw,  
    For my nest of words.

Through the snow,  
On I go,  
    Feasting with my eyes,  
Each pure spot,  
Free from blot,  
    Showing where beauty lies.

Could I write  
In words of light,  
    It would be to tell,  
That the earth,  
Since its birth,  
    Never looked so well.



In bright green  
It is seen,  
    Over half the year,  
None the less,  
This fresh dress,  
    Does not seem so dear.

Spring is fair,  
Summer rare,  
    Autumn casts a spell,  
But winter's show  
Of falling snow,  
    Makes even age look well.

## MY LAUREL WREATH

The Queen of the Nile, with wiles and art,  
Sought the homage and favor of men,  
While the story of her potent spell  
Seems marvelous now as then.

The Grecian maids with assiduous care  
Sought beauty, and grace of mind,  
While its fair accomplishment is voiced  
On the records of mankind.

Cornelia, of matronhood the flower,  
Bright jewels did not prize,  
But sought the light of a widowed life  
Within her children's eyes.

But I, through all the moments  
Pray that the Muse will teach  
Thoughts so sublime and tender,  
I shall win my laurel wreath.

## A SONG OF SPRING

My heart was weary of winter,  
And watching for signs of spring,  
Hoping this winsome season  
Would days of happiness bring.

Flora, divining my longing,  
This Roman Goddess of spring  
Sent a succession of flowers,  
Messages sweet to bring.

Earliest came the crocus,  
Tulips and daffodils too,  
Brought to my soul a message  
In the voice of a dove's soft coo.

Violets gladdened my vision,  
As fresh as the time of youth,  
Before the serpent's venom  
Has soiled the mantle of truth.

Hyacinths daintily shook their bells  
To gladden me as I passed,  
The fragrant salutation said,  
Longed for spring has come at last.

Thus a succession of flowers  
Spring's arrival told below,  
But the most emphatic announcement  
Came forth from my friend the crow.

High above all on the Senate,  
This bird philanthropic I saw,  
Paternal benevolence mingled  
With his hoarse and harsh, caw, caw.

Quoth this bird from his pulpit,  
"Spring has come at last, caw, caw,  
The ice bound earth is vanquished,  
Wildest nature yields to law."

As my steps bore me off in the distance,  
This crow enthroned I saw,  
Still emphasizing the doctrine,  
That all things live by law.

## A COURSE OF SNUBBING

Did you ever hear of a course of snubbing,  
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,  
Did you ever hear of a course of snubbing  
For those who are simply churls;  
For those who are so conceited,  
They ever love to see  
Those gentle, timid ladies  
Who will their flatterers be?

Now once a churl met a type of lady,  
Who was not so gentle, you know,  
And she determined on a course of snubbing,  
To bring his pride down low;  
For instance, he went to see her,  
She was haughty, stately, cold,  
And 'ere the visit was ended,  
His mien was not so bold.

But it takes a course of snubbing, ladies,  
For those deeply dyed in conceit,  
On homœopathic doses  
The system ne'er grows replete;  
But an allopathic treatment  
Of snubbing, full and strong,  
Will gradually bring the most conceited  
To own he is in the wrong.

On this strong minded type of lady,  
One day the gentleman made a call,  
'Twas on that day, be it remembered,  
His pride was given the fall;  
He came all dressed, resplendent,  
Prince Albert coat and high silk hat,  
He asked her to go to the theatre,  
And, Mirabile Dictu, she refused him flat.

## PRINCESS ICE CREAM

When the day is hot and trying,  
And old Sol sends down his beams  
With such fierce relentless ardor,  
That to us it surely seems

We shall soon dissolve in wonder,  
Or evaporate in air,  
What will stop this melting process?  
Why, the Princess passing there.

She it is who's tall and stately,  
She it is on whom the beam  
Of old Sol makes no impression,  
Princess fair, surnamed Ice Cream.

When she passes in the morning,  
So collected, calm, and cool,  
All will stop to gaze, each willing  
Just to be her slave or tool.

As she glides along at twilight,  
Like a spirit cool and white,  
All the sultry day's forgotten,  
And we marvel at the sight.

But it is at noontide's splendor,  
When there is no hope, 'twould seem,  
That she is our life preserver,  
Princess fair, surnamed Ice Cream.

## THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL IN GEORGIA

The sons of Athens were assembled,  
In the late and glorious fall,  
To greet and welcome Auburn  
In the lusty game, football.

The eager crowd was waiting,  
Which team shall the conqueror be,  
Not more puzzling was the problem,  
Lady or Tiger, which shall he see.

Now should Auburn win the battle,  
That would make the welkin ring,  
And each gladsome heart be ready,  
To rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

But should Athens win the laurel,  
Louder still would be the cry,  
As each thankful warrior murmured,  
"Turkey next, and then mince pie."



## IN THE LAND OF THE HAWAIIANS

In the land of the Hawaiians,  
Lilioukalani queen,  
Many quaint and curious customs  
Oftentimes are seen;  
When a friend is parting from them,  
Around the neck is thrown,  
In loving, sweet remembrance,  
A wreath of flowers new blown,  
And to the dear one leaving,  
The whispered words are few,  
But the message of the flowers  
Is this, "my love to you."

And in this land of ours,  
Every woman pure, a queen,  
To these gentle deeds and missions  
Her heart must surely lean,  
And if she can not place the flowers  
Which her hand hath wrought,  
Wreath about the friend at parting,  
Necklaces of thought.

Whether in the early morning,  
Parting only for the day,  
Or in the hurried noontime,  
Meeting on the way,  
Wreathe about the dear one,  
Such a fragrant thought,  
'Twill sweeten even toiling,  
With which the world is fraught.

In the land of the Hawaiians,  
Partings come for aye,  
In this great land of ours,  
Still, it is the way,  
But cheer the last sad parting,  
With, "my love to you,"  
And the angel's greeting  
May be these words anew.

## SUSTAINING FAITH

A soul once longed for power,  
For power, knowledge, and wealth,  
And this to the exclusion  
Of the soul's most perfect health.

It could not gain true meekness,  
Though bent 'neath poverty's yoke,  
And still it longed for power,  
When clouds most ominous broke.

And thus the years went onward,  
Leaving blessings in their flight,  
And sometimes bringing sorrow,  
Which changed life's joy to night.

And still this soul was longing  
For power, which means vast wealth,  
For into the spirit's chamber  
Had crept discontent by stealth.

Then one day on the stillness  
Of the Sabbath peace there rang,  
The thrilling cry of fire,  
While the nuns at vespers sang.

But music was drowned in the rushing  
Of firemen stalwart and brave,  
Onward to conquer the danger,  
Their dearly loved city to save.

Who does not love and revere them,  
These firemen brave and strong,  
And their deeds of valor in life,  
Are written in prose and song.

But what is the strength of thousands  
Of men in their pride and might,  
Against the fire fiend's progress,  
While God permits the fight.

So thought this soul, onlooking,  
While the proudest buildings fell,  
And hushed to solemn silence  
Was the sweet toned vesper bell.

So thought this soul, still watching,  
As iron and steel did bend,  
And even distant cities  
Were petitioned help to send.

Nothing teaches repentance,  
Save the sterner lessons of life,  
And appalling disasters  
With which the world is rife.

This soul, looking on at the conflict,  
Saw earth's splendid pomp laid low,  
While earth and the heavens were lighted  
With the lurid glare of the foe.

And into the spirit's chamber  
There crept, like a noiseless wraith,  
Something eclipsing earth's longings,  
And this was, sustaining faith.

## A VERSE FOR EVERY DAY

- Monday.      Gird on thy strength and forward go,  
Strive thou to meet with Weal, not  
                Woe.
- Tuesday.     Wreathe thou thy face with joy and  
                smiles,  
Weal is captured by simple wiles.
- Wednesday. E'en though Weal should chance to  
                hide,  
Frown not darkly, with patience  
                bide.
- Thursday.    Look not backward, lest Woe thou  
                see,  
Stealthily, surely, following thee.
- Friday.       Frown not darkly, for glances grim,  
Call up the shadow of Woe so dim.
- Saturday.    Put on thy strength and onward go,  
Thy path may be uncrossed by Woe.
- Sunday.       Once having gained the hallowed day,  
In prayer forget the shadowed way.

## FOR THE NEW YEAR

Faith to believe in the heart  
What in our prayers we say,  
That God will take our part,  
And protect us on the way.

Faith in our reason to trust,  
To argue well from the past,  
So far we have come, God must  
Be faithful e'en to the last.

Faith in His arms to rest,  
Believing that all is well,  
That only things which are best  
The new year to us will tell.

Trusting, believing, longing  
To fulfil our mission here;  
High ideals never wronging,  
Heaven's King will hold us dear.

Faith to be cured of longing  
Save for our mission here,  
Faith to be saved from wronging  
Any creature, far or near.

## LINES TO A BRIDE

May this mirror prove to be  
The fabled fountain of youth,  
And as the years pass o'er you  
Oh! may it say with truth,  
"The glance you give at twilight,  
When the work of life is done,  
Shows still that grace and beauty  
Which your marriage circlet won."



## CLOUD CAPS

Caps there are of laces,  
And caps there are of gauze;  
Why make mention of them?  
Oh well, why just because,

Some ladies go a calling  
Dressed in rainbow tints,  
Eyes and faces smiling  
Like sunshine as it glints

Between the leaves of April,  
And at eve across the lawn,  
But once beyond home's threshold,  
They put their cloud caps on.

A shame it is that ladies,  
Though owning caps of gauze,  
Will don a cloudy headdress,  
Breaking harmonious laws.

Within the home so sacred  
Please, from early morn,  
Wear gauzes, laces, sunshine,  
Don't put the cloud caps on.

## THE LAND OF ETERNAL REST

I will set my face  
To the land of Eternal Rest,  
Wearing the sweet flower  
Of hope upon my breast.

Training my eyes to look  
To the land of Eternal Rest,  
Yielding to true wisdom  
Which tells me this is best.

This will be the source  
From which to draw new zest,  
Evening shadows falling,  
Bring nearer Eternal Rest.

## A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

Within a darkened chamber,  
A child was sinking to rest,  
And one little hand was toying  
With a flower upon his breast.

The portion for his Christmas,  
Had been the cross of pain,  
But the surgeon's work was over,  
And peace began her reign.

Without, the winter's bleakness  
Was masked in robes of white,  
Forming witchery of beauty,  
Bringing fairyland in sight,

Father and mother lingered  
Beside their only one,  
Their anguish spoke in heart throbs,  
And now the day was done.

"Father," hush, a whisper,  
The scientist bent low,  
"Father, can you tell me  
What causes it to snow?"

The scientist was puzzled,  
Then spoke in measured tone;  
"Watery particles are frozen,  
This much to us is known.

At first, each separate particle,  
Comes falling through the air,  
And then all these uniting  
Form the snowflake there.'"

Within the chamber silence,  
Again a question low,  
"Mother, can you tell me  
What causes it to snow?"

Then o'er her loved one bending  
The mother answered low,  
"To purify the world for Christ,  
God clothed the earth with snow."

Within a darkened chamber,  
A child was sinking to rest,  
But if one caught the whisper, 'twas,  
"My mother answered best."

## APRIL

April has come clad in robes  
Of dainty and tender green,  
While we wonder that frequent showers  
Do not tarnish their delicate sheen.

But no, for only survey them,  
After the deluge is o'er;  
Surely that hint of emerald  
Is clearer now than before.

Then when the sun has bathed them,  
The brow of thought is knit;  
When are the robes most charming,  
Free from stain, or by sunshine lit?

Swiftly comes the conclusion,  
'Tis April we love, whether dressed  
In robes that are drenched with showers,  
Or smiled on by Sol at his best.

## A THOUGHT

Aurora opes the gates of morning,  
Mythology has taught,  
As worthy of Apotheosis  
He who opes the gates of thought.

## THE SUBJECT MAN

I wrote all my thoughts on the subject man,  
Plainly down in a book,  
But on reading over my copious notes,  
Was appalled at the time that it took.

And so the decision briefly was made,  
That but for the time that it took,  
The world and his wife should surely have heard,  
What I wrote down in that book.

### THREE POETS

When my home was the evening star,  
So brilliant, so fair and so far,  
And Aurora, sweet goddess, passed by,  
Descending to earth from the sky,  
Ecstatic I waited to see  
If, perchance, a rose dropped for me.  
Then I, with my rose wet with dew,  
Sought my sister spirit who knew  
That my heart kept time with her own,  
This Milton 'mong women and known,  
From earth to the distant Mars,  
On and up to the far away stars.

When my home was Venus the bright,  
Through siderial space I took flight,  
Past Jupiter's clouds found my way,  
To a singer now crowned with bay,  
Through the sadness of whose mystic eyes  
Was fast dawning a glad surprise,  
That earth and its gloom was all past,  
And Divine truth, his own, at last.

At the feet of this poet, in awe,  
I lingered and looked, 'till I saw  
Earth's shadows depart from his face,  
Then downward descended through space.

When my eye caught the colors of Mars,  
The red and the green among stars,  
I knew 'twas my long destined place,  
For genius was there shedding grace.  
The sweet bard of Avon was there,  
Crowned of all men, with thoughts most rare,  
Next to God he divined human thought,  
And all that the struggling soul sought,  
His spirit at last, free to roam,  
Winged its flight to his far away home,  
Where his thought travels onward from Mars,  
On and up to the far away stars.



## SAWDUST ON THE SNOW

In the morning early,  
As out to work I go,  
When the air is thickening  
With flakes of falling snow,

When the snow is mingled  
With drops of falling rain,  
And this again has frozen,  
A state which is my bane,

Just when I am saddest  
At having thus to go,  
Comes the guardian angel,  
Sprinkling sawdust on the snow.

Just when I am fearful  
Of falling on my head,  
I see a blessed haven  
Of ashes just ahead.

And thus I struggle forward,  
While my head is bending low,  
Looking ever for that angel  
Sprinkling sawdust on the snow.

## IF I'M HAPPY

Oft they ask me if I'm happy,  
I know not what to say,  
Yes I'm happy, no, not happy  
All the live long day.

When I first wake in the morning  
I am sure to see  
Drooping o'er my bed a shadow;  
Yet how can it be,

When the sun is still unrisen;  
Sun and shadow go  
Hand in hand, courtseying, bowing to each other,  
To and fro.

Playing hide-and-seek, and then  
Shadows have a way  
Of standing twixt the earth and sun  
All the live long day.

But the Sun it hath much patience,  
Take it all in all,  
Always shining on, and peeping  
Over shadows tall.

'Till at last midway ascending  
Heaven high and blue,  
The coquette shadows stoop to rest them,  
The sun it takes the cue,

And gives one look, a broad, full stare,  
The first and only one;  
Then the shadows begin their teasing  
'Till the day is done.

So when I first wake in the morning,  
Drooping o'er me there  
Is a shadow, cold and heavy;  
I evoke a prayer.

Prayers and shadows meeting, follows an eclipse  
Just as sure  
As air will enter, in a room  
Through an open door.

So when they ask me if I'm happy,  
I would tell them true;  
I scan my sun's bright radiance;  
Yes, yes, the spots are few.

When the earth, oppressed with languor,  
Draws a sigh,  
Unties its ribbons fresh and green,  
Throws them by,

Looks up to Heaven, its dearest friend,  
And so true,  
I, I too, so sorry that I'm tired,  
Am tired too.

Then later comes a breeze, so soft and gentle,  
And with grace  
Flutters back each fresh green ribbon  
Into place.

Next falls a shower, cool and sprinkling,  
On the pain;  
Leaving on earth's fresh green ribbons, dew-drops,  
Not a stain.

In with the breezes and sprinkling showers  
The darkness twines  
Its softest self; o'er my mind comes stealing  
These few lines,

Asked me in the freshness of the morning,  
Before the day  
Ringing out its many changes, had taught me  
What to say.

"Are you happy?" In the twilight soft  
I answer low,  
'Tis only after loss of earthly love  
That we know,

Whether through the glaring day so long,  
And in the night,  
The sweet and blessed Saviour's love  
Will answer quite.

Whether on our brow His Hand laid  
Soft and cool,  
Will like that other one its pain and throbbings  
Bring under rule.

And if a mingled voice and look of His  
Will always give  
Such vivid joy to Life, that 'tis sweetness  
Just to live.

I have tried it; I have lost my earthly love  
You must know;  
But though he left me in the darkness, I knew  
Where to go.

I asked my Lord, "Oh love and make me lovely!  
True to Thee  
If Thou wilt but guard and guide me  
I will be."

My prayer is answering; yes, I'm happy,  
Very, quite,  
I gave myself into right royal hands,  
My Lord! My right!

## YULE-TIDE

Across the seas where bells are chiming out  
A tune which strangely stirs the hearts of all,  
Holding many captive to memory's sweet thrall,  
Burneth the yule log, putting cold to rout.  
But in the Occident where pales the light  
Of custom in the sun of progress swift,  
Burneth the yule log in the heart's uplift,  
As escapes love's secret by the way of sight.  
Burneth the yule log when on the mother's arm  
Is laid the tender burden of her child;  
And when an artist paints the Undefined  
And feels his strained soul grow calm.  
And when the poet hath his thought unfurled,  
And sent it tenderly to meet the world.

## A CHILD'S BESEECHING

All is not done when a child is housed,  
And wrapped about with raiment warm  
To guard from wind and frost the tender form,  
And given food; the heart is soon aroused,  
And while the child is given honey sweet  
To mask the bread that otherwise is dry,  
The childish lips full often breathe a sigh,  
And laggard is the pace of little feet  
If budding life with love is not bedewed,  
And its expression. A child beseeches this,  
And yearning for it with an instinct crude,  
Is fostered into blossom by nightly kiss  
Which is the sweet to mask the life that's nude;  
And this sweet, little children sometimes miss.

## A THANKSGIVING SONNET

The artist, Nature, hath his brushes dipped  
In various shades of scarlet and of gold  
And touched the leaves of Autumn, which unfold  
In vistas fair 'ere yet the frost hath nipped  
Their splendor. And my heart gives thanks and  
sings,  
For this yearly glimpse of beauty; for the power  
Which evokes the seasons; calleth forth the  
flower,  
And hath the mastery of all transitory things.  
And even as the blast of winter comes and sweeps  
Away the forest's leaves of scarlet hue,  
E'en so the rush of penitence which weeps,  
Will scatter all the sins of scarlet too.  
This thought the heart in thankfulness e'er keeps,  
If the sins of life be many, or by grace, be few.



## CHISELING

Souls, like diamonds, are oft-times in the rough,  
And as the jewel, loosed from darkness, emits  
    light,  
So the spirit, each day chiseled, sees with saintly  
    sight,  
Ceases plunging into chaos; learns that 'tis enough  
To steadily march onward, among the rank and  
    file,  
Waiting for wise orders, crushing anarchic  
    thought;  
In lieu of contemplating what some general hath  
    wrought,  
Reaching the goal through patient marching o'er  
    each weary mile.  
The comets in their coursing across the sky are  
    grand,  
But the planets, ever shining, teach us fixedness is  
    best.  
And so, through each day's chiseling, the soul will  
    understand  
'Tis the sacred preparation for entering into rest;  
Without Life, the sculptor, we could ne'er reach  
    the land  
Where each heart is met with love, and infinitely  
    blessed.

## THANKSGIVING

The seasons in their changes rest the heart,  
November now is speaking to my soul,  
Calling it from worldly ways apart  
To spend some holy moments, 'ere they roll  
Backward to Time's ocean, oh! so vast!  
Leaves of woodland rustle o'er my head,  
Outward is the golden grain amassed  
Which shall yield the winter's bread.  
The quiet scene of beauty brings sweet peace,  
The horn of plenty has been opened wide.  
A thought within my heart knows no surcease,  
Casting sensuous things of earth aside.  
Since Christ died, the cause for thankfulness has  
been,  
That His redeeming blood can wash away all  
sin.

## ANEMONES

There grows a gentle flower of fragrance rare,  
Called anemone, or kissed by the wind,  
And after rough tossing, still you will find,  
A flower of sweetness nods to the air.  
For into a garden there came one day,  
A wind that was strong and rough and bold,  
And soon the hyacinths all were cold,  
As on their battle field prostrate they lay.  
But when the blast began to blow,  
The anemone bowed as oft before,  
For life in the garden taught her to know  
That winds must be wrestled with o'er and o'er.  
In the garden of life if e'er bent low,  
Uplift the heart with this flower lore.

## ABBA, FATHER

Oh nature, out of chaos assuming wondrous forms  
Of dazzling suns, of radiant stars and ever circling  
    orbs,  
My soul the knee is bending, as these mutations  
    sweep  
Across my dazed vision, but ah! how sad my  
    heart  
If destined here to worship, denied the heartfelt  
    cry,

Abba, Father.

And science, well nigh equal in its majestic course  
To sun and stars in heaven, moving on through  
    time  
In search of truth and wisdom, unfolding some  
    new law  
Of Nature's hidden secrets, amassing, learning,  
    groping,  
Yet failing still to cry with reverence and yearning,  
    Abba, Father.

But greatest of all teachers, Religion seems to  
    speak  
In music and in flowers, and in trilling song of  
    birds,  
In the mystic roar of conch shell, and highest  
    Alpine peak  
To the inmost heart and being; in the silence then  
    is learned,  
That which eases life's sad burden; 'Tis the cry of  
    Abba, Father.

## CHANSON DE NUIT

Night, sorrow's opiate, I greet thee, Night,  
And welcome thee, as one would meet a friend  
Not long departed, yet Time's wheels do bend  
To slowness, 'till her gracious self's in sight.  
Night comes stealing on us unawares,  
Muffled are her even footsteps fall  
Which the senses ether like enthrall,  
'Till consciousness deserts her throne with cares.  
And now begins the gentle reign of Night,  
And all her subjects flitting here and there,  
Bow to her magic and adore her might,  
Chant songs of praises through the air,  
To her who steals away our sight  
And gives us respite from all care.

## CHANSON DE MATIN

The approach of morn is as a gray clad nun,  
Whose mild effulgence suffers an eclipse  
Before Aurora's splendors, she who sips  
The morn's first nectar, scatters flowers, leads the  
Sun

Upon his mission, of gilding earth with gold,  
Of opening throats of songbirds, of coaxing flowers  
To yield their fragrance, of exerting powers  
Which fill the earth with blessings manifold.  
Oh! wearied pilgrim, wakened by the shining,  
Called by daily duties to the road once more,  
Gird you with your garments, and without re-  
pinning  
March with this day's hours more cheerily than of  
yore,  
For across the far horizon Hope's figure is out-  
lining  
Less faintly, as life's morning breaks nearer to  
the shore.

## CONVALESCENCE

Back through the waters that wash the shore  
Of the Infinite, seeking its old time place,  
Journeyed my soul to its body once more,  
Prostrate with suffering, wrecked in life's race.  
Naught could my soul of that weird journey tell,  
Save that it sighted no heavenly strand,  
As it unconsciously made its farewell  
And drifted away toward an unknown land.  
Oh! that mysterious, wonderful morn!  
When I looked again on the light of the world,  
Broken, and helpless as the child new born,  
Shorn of my strength, my powers furled.  
Flowers were brought me, fresh as woodland rill;  
Suffering was buried; he loves me still!

## TWO THANKSGIVING SONNETS

### I

On my brow, and in my heart, I may not wear  
Excess of thankfulness, I may miss  
Supremest joy, but have not failed in this;  
Thankful the burden is not too much to bear.  
Thankful to have grown in strength  
Though still almost too weak  
With utmost confidence to speak  
Of what has come to me at length.  
Thankful every day for friendly love,  
But most of all for hope,  
Which teaches me to look above  
The world's vexations, patiently to watch  
For the pathway of the Ascension dove,  
Lighting up the world through which I grope.

L. OF C.



## TWO THANKSGIVING SONNETS

### II

A little surer of the way than when  
The leaves of Autumn last were falling,  
And though my wounded heart is calling  
For strength and consolation, now as then,  
A little firmer are the steps now taken  
Along a pathway dark and curtained round  
With mist, with which the Future will abound;  
So thankful am I for my faith unshaken.  
My faith! Ah! never may it be impaired!  
And hope, sweet inspiration, grant thy light  
To one who, stumbling oft, has sadly fared  
Along life's way, but trusts the future to be bright  
With compensation; trusts, too, to One Who cared  
To rock our heartaches in the cradle of His might.

## AN EASTER POEM

What gives Easter its beauty?  
Is it the flowers fair,  
Or the snow-white cloth of the altar,  
And the people kneeling there?

Wherein lies the charm of Easter?  
Is it the music sweet,  
Or the thought that we are kneeling  
Close to the Master's feet?

Perhaps it is the music,  
And the fragrance of flowers rare,  
And the thought that we are kneeling  
At the feet of the Master there.

These are the fair externals,  
But the thought that lies within  
Gives to Easter its beauty,  
His triumph over sin.



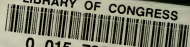




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